

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

VOL. I.

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BY THE EASY CLUB.

“And vindicate the ways of God to Man.”

POPE.

Mr. Easy,

YOUR early insertion of my reflections on the principles which govern the conduct of human life afford an assurance of their having met with your approbation, and encourage me to pursue the train of ideas which have, for many years, engaged my attention. I cannot conceive any effort of the human mind more sublime than an attempt to trace the ways of Providence in the exercise of that supreme wisdom, by which the whole of his wonderful works are strikingly characterised. I have to regret that other pressing avocations have occasioned so long a delay in my pursuit of the subject.

In directing our attention to objects of so much interest, it is absolutely necessary that we should extend our views, beyond the narrow limits, by which an individual is naturally circumscribed. It has been the practice of moral philosophers, who have of late years laboured to investigate the operations of the human mind, to analyze their own conceptions, and their own feelings, and in this way they have been very successful. Because the feeling of one man must in many respects, be the feeling of every man. But according to the advice of the great Bacon, after having sufficiently occupied our minds with particulars, we must ascend to generals, after having minutely considered the individual, we must take into our view that which regards the whole.

I have offered it as my opinion that the leading propensities of mankind were given to secure employment to every individual, and I trust it will appear that the means

have been sufficiently adequate to the end. The passions are plainly the instruments by which the whole scheme is affected, and reason is bestowed for the purpose of governing them. But reason is incapable of exercising its functions, until after the fact, and is therefore inadequate to the government of the passions, because these last commence with almost the earliest dawn of life, whereas the first can only be exercised after experience, and that would come too late to correct errors.

I have before observed, that supreme wisdom foresaw and provided against every contingency, that could attend any of the operations of his power. He gave to every species, both animal and vegetable, a tendency to multiply to excess. To man he gave this tendency to go to excess not only as it respects multiplication, but also in the exercise of every passion.

Reason was given to the human species, as has been already alledged, for the purpose of supplying a mean of judging between the necessary, and the superfluous; but as has been also remarked, reason can have no influence until after experience, and if evil were to be perpetuated, until experience had ascertained its destructive effects, the period requisite for acquiring it must have exposed the objects of it to great wretchedness, if not to inevitable destruction.

The supreme ruler of all things has not evidenced so much disregard to the happiness of a being, we are taught to believe, he created in his own image. He has not left any race of the human kind unsupplied with the means of happiness, or of obviating the evils, to which an indulgence of their passions to excess, must expose them. As reason could alone exercise its influence, in judging of things already past, the great Creator provided against every difficulty, by imparting to the highest terrestrial object of his power, such laws as were necessary for his government. These laws proved a guide for the operation of reason, for experience evinced that laws were good,

and that the real enjoyment of life was exactly in proportion to the observance of, or deviation from these laws.

Sceptics have laboured to shew, that either these laws were never given by the Creator, or that they were unnecessary. Experience has in every instance ascertained the reverse. This has been manifest as well with respect to nations as to individuals. There is not an age of the world in which this truth has not been demonstrated. The revelation of the divine will, constitutes religion, and without it, the rich would be reduced to beggary, and the beggar would be incapable of supporting life. It is the uniting chain by which the whole of mankind is linked together, and which is the only security for the man of power, or the dependent, for the opulent, or the poor. It sheaths the sword and dagger, it averts the poisoned cup; it curbs in short the unbridled passions, which would lead to universal extermination.

As then religion appears to be so necessary to human preservation, we are not to wonder at the solicitude, which our beneficent creator has manifested for securing to us its advantages. Well knowing our propensity to deviate from the path which he pointed out, and to be forgetful of his instructions, he has, in his infinite goodness, vouchsafed to promulgate them at three different periods, in the way most effectual for making an indelible impression.—All have had the same object in view, and no one differed from any other, except in manner. And this difference was always such as exactly suited the occasion.

It has been objected to these promulgations that they were communicated with an unaccountable partiality. But this objection cannot be valid, because there was no other way, in which it could be made consistently with the constitution of man. As it clearly appears to have been absolutely necessary, it was therefore imparted at the beginning of life, and as every enquiry contributed still farther to confirm the scriptural account, that our race originated from one pair, to that pair it must have been given to every requisite extent. No future pair could require it more, because, placed in existence differently from all their successors, in the full possession of every bodily and mental faculty, devoid of experience, without information, they could not have adopted the means necessary to their own preservation.

Every other animal has stampt upon it by nature an instinct, which prompts it immediately to adopt what it requires, and what it requires is provided ready for immediate use. Man knows not how to use almost any thing, until he has been taught; and as all the human race have required teaching, a peculiar characteristic of their nature,

the first pair must have had the same characteristic, and must therefore have been, in equal necessity, provided with the requisite instruction. As the progeny of every other animal resembles its parents, the same resemblance must exist with respect to us—whatever therefore we have been in need of, must have been equally needful to the root from which we sprang.

The requisite instructions then having been given to Adam and Eve, they would necessarily perpetuate them in their issue. As these instructions had respect not only to the present, but as they partook of things appertaining also to a future state of existence, and as there is nothing obvious in the former which can give a correct idea of the latter, the account of them, passing through successive generations, must have been susceptible of much misrepresentation. There is a natural propensity to form all our conclusions from the impressions made upon us by sensible objects. This propensity, in process of time, led those by whom the promulgations of divine will were transmitted, to have more reference to what was temporal, than to what was spiritual, and hence the deviations from the simple truth came so to multiply, as to make it scarcely discernible. The design of the excellent instructions became so much involved in obscurity as nearly to lose its effects. The passions were exonerated of their necessary restraint, and the tendency to excess which accompanied them threatened universal destruction.

In order to obviate consequences so fatal, a communication of the divine will, from its original unsophisticated source, became absolutely necessary. But it was impossible that all the inhabitants of the globe could be congregated together, without offering too great a violation of the general laws of nature; the necessary information could not therefore be given to every individual at the same time; the only alternative to be adopted was to impart the requisite knowledge to a select few, through whom it might be propagated to all the rest.

A select few were chosen, and to them the unadulterated truth was made known, in a manner suitable to the magnitude and solemnity of the occasion. It was not to be now made known to individuals whose minds were free from erroneous impressions, and therefore prepared to receive it without difficulty, and without prejudice, but to a portion of the inhabitants of the earth whose minds were clouded with error, and filled with notions strongly opposed to the reception of principles, on the admission of which however, the preservation of the whole depended, and sufficiently numerous to disseminate it universally.

In order to free the minds of these from the ruinous pre-

judices, by which they had been so long and so fully contaminated, it was absolutely necessary, that the information should be communicated with suitable dignity, and so as to awaken a due sense of the awful majesty of the divine law-giver. Indeed it is not to be expected that laws, for regulating conduct, should be acknowledged, unless they are derived from an authority entitled to competent respect.

There is no phenomenon in nature more capable of striking terror, or of filling the soul with dread, than repeated flashes of vivid lightening, and its consequent peals of thunder. All the circumstances, that led to and accompanied the enunciation of the laws, were works calculated to excite astonishment, and to prepare the mind for the wonders that were to follow. No words can equal the description of the scene as we have it in the original—

And the Lord said unto Moses, lo, I come unto thee in a thick cloud, that the People may hear when I speak with thee, and believe thee forever. What must have been the sensations excited, when the people were told by Moses to be ready against the third day, for the third day the Lord will come down in sight of all the people, upon Mount Sinai. *And thou shalt set bounds to the people round about, saying, take heed to yourselves, that you go not up into the mount, or touch the border of it: whosoever toucheth the mount shall surely be put to death.* And it came to pass on the third day, in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud, so that all the people that was in the camp trembled. And Moses brought forth the people out of the camp, SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN besides women and children, TO MEET WITH GOD. And Mount Sinai was altogether in a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire: and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly. And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice.

Such was the manner in which the laws were proclaimed, intended in adequate progression, to be acknowledged by all the human race. From a consideration of the subject, it must plainly appear to have been morally impossible, for such a proclamation to have been made to every inhabitant of the globe at the same moment; but the number present were sufficient to secure to it, through their descendants, and those who had an intercourse with them, an acceptance, in due time, by the whole of mankind—we are impious when we question the propriety of the slow advances it has made—as the proofs are irresistible, to every reasonable mind, that the laws were promulgated by the

Deity himself, we must be presumptuous indeed, if we hazard a doubt, that the best and the most effectual means were adopted for accomplishing the purposes designed.

It is the same stumbling block which was the source of so much error to our forefathers, it is the indisposition to look at objects farther than as they superficially strike our senses, that entangles us in so much difficulty, when our thoughts are employed on things of a spiritual nature.—And yet if we were rightly to improve, in surveying the objects of sense, they would furnish us with all the proofs we require.

The present state of the remnant of the Jewish nation, in their strict adherence to the rites and ceremonies which they have been ever known to trace up to the tremendous scene exhibited on Mount Sinai; the perpetuation of the religious forms, attributed by every one of them to Moses; the perfect silence of every writer, both ancient and modern, as to a suspicion of their having any other author; all these circumstances combined, together with the internal evidence they afford of their being of divine origin, must silence every sceptic who is not resolved, by wilfully closing his eyes, to continue in darkness, and not to profit by the light which is shining so splendidly all around him.

The advances to improvement in the human kind, from their promptitude to err, appears to be very slow—It is evidently an arduous task to regain that height of perfection, from whence they fell, but to which the christian system is well calculated to conduct them. I have many observations to make, respecting the interval between the second promulgation, and the last and most interesting of the divine interpositions, which would extend this essay to too great a length, and must therefore be delayed to another opportunity.

J. C.

THE PEDESTRIAN—RAMBLE III.

(Continued.)

I had intended, Mr. Easy, to take another opportunity of furnishing you with the result of my

REFLECTIONS ON SIN.

My former part of this ramble, by the pressure of an excessive load of vice, was impelled to a much greater distance from the fountainhead than I had first contemplated—I intended to have proceeded three columns from the grand starting post, on which I hung, in CAPITALS, the word which has served to cloak Immorality and Vice; but the magnitude of my object, and the unexpected fruitfulness

of the field, have urged me beyond the limits prescribed. And however Self-interest may menace, or the degraded votaries of dissipation writhe, I shall not shrink from the dangerous duties necessarily devolving upon the office to which the imperious mandates of Morality, Religion, and Law have called me. In ancient Rome, when uncommon danger threatened the tranquility of the commonwealth, a legal Dictator was created, and he was clothed with authority above the common Censors, or Guardians of the state—but the refined republicanism of *our* day, would suffer no such controul—if any citizen were here invested with “AUTHORITY” to remonstrate on all occasions, with no regard either to time or place, his life would undoubtedly answer for the prosecution of his duty. This being the true state of things, it becomes the duty of every good citizen to afford his aid against the overwhelming torrent which threatens the peace and welfare of the community. ——— This may be done in publick and in private, in the Senate and in the Closet—the PEDESTRIAN is pleased to do his part through the medium of the Companion—this he will do, without fear of chastisement, or hope of reward.

——“Let his name be secret as the grave,
“And the Gods, alone, reward his labour.”

The curiosity of the city has been greatly excited, and every one asks “*who is,*” or says, “*I know this Rario.*” I have overheard parts of several conversations on the subject—when, like one beneath the invisible cloak, I have, unsuspected, heightened and enjoyed the yoke.

The confusion and alarm occasioned by throwing squibs, (my remarks on which you chose to omit) was fully equal to my description of it—but I am satisfied with your apology.

On our return from the Gardens, we were very near being favoured with a little of that treatment, which I understand passes current there for the *genteelest spirit*. Leander, as he perceived several young men entering a house which never was used as a Church, thought we had better drive them home—on looking in at the window, he found the inhabitants so numerous, that we soon prevailed on him to desist; but an apprentice boy, who felt his dignity insulted, began to abuse us for “peeping” into the *ladies’* room—“he had been insulted to-night before,” he said “and had it not been that the young *lady* was with him, he would have kicked the FANATICK;” this led me into a secret, and I wished to avoid him. I had no doubt of his being the same person who had been offended at my exclamation in the early part of the evening, upon which I sensibly felt an uneasiness in my legs—the fact is they are at times

cowardly; or at least so extremely prudent, as always to remonstrate against my going into unnecessary danger. Now to have opposed this Buck, or have spoken irreverently of his Doxy, were to have gone into unnecessary danger; for with a dozen or twenty such, we three could not stand in combat, especially when we take into consideration the circumstances of their being in possession of a large quantity of real imported spirits, furnished in abundance at the Gardens, and being to display their skill in the presence of their Dulcinas!

Passing over the bridge, not a mile from the aforesaid house, we heard several predicting that something would be said in the publick papers, about this night’s disturbance. One person remarked, that it had now arrived to such an height as would render it necessary for Mr. EASY, in pursuance of the plan projected in his prospectus, to take up the subject. From this remark, I understand that that gentleman is one of those who are confidently charged with writing these papers. Another gentleman, who it seems had benevolence enough in him to interfere in the case of the young woman, (to whom, I have since been told, Mr. Leaman says the tumbler *did not stick*, but that she was actually, with intent to rob the said Leaman, carrying it away)—this gentleman has also been dubbed “Leander,” from the exclamation, “off hands,” &c. Now any one who discovers the writer hereof, must have more penetration than he who could suppose I meant to insinuate that the tumbler did actually march up, and stick itself to the girl’s clothes!!—O wonderful!!!—Upon the honour of a well shod Pedestrian, I assure the good man, I never meant so—and know now all ye whom it may concern, that I, the Pedestrian, verily believe the aforesaid tumbler was *clean* and wholesome, until it reached the hands of her to whose hand it stuck!

I had parted with Mr. Steady and Leander, and was hastening to my lodgings, in order to consider over the report I should make to Mr. Easy.

My footsteps were suddenly arrested at hearing a beautiful young lady declare, “that such a fate was more than a proper chastisement for his crime. Albert, she said, appeared to have been a bad man—but his father, contrary to the principles of justice, had injured his son beyond possible reparation. A spirited young man, reduced to despair, he knew not what he did—he was not accountable for a meditated mischief, whose cause was the unnatural temper of a parent, guided by no rational design, content with no extent of wealth. His father’s cruelty was the immediate cause of the son’s untimely end—and Divine Mercy must punish such inhumanity, as Eternal Justice

could not chuse but hear the murdered youth's blood crying aloud for vengeance."

I had stood pretending to search my pocket-book as long as I dare without risking a discovery—and lamented greatly that the necessary restrictions in social life should thus prevent as well disposed a member as need be in the great family of mankind from hearing the merits and demerits of a story which he had himself enabled you to present to the world. I have furnished you with the history of "the poor girl;" and to procure it, Leander & myself had shoved ourselves, in an unwarrantable manner, into a new acquaintance. If Leander had been along this time, I verily believe he would have ran up to the door, and entered into conversation with them. Such is his great admiration of Nature, in all her crooks and hiding places, that if he ever leaves the path of prudence, etiquette, or decorum, it is in pursuit of her. She, by her common and most obvious laws, so acts upon his honest, uncorrupted heart, that he would at first thought throw himself in the bosom of the ocean to assist a fellow mortal, no matter how unworthy—or break his shins over a stone fence to relieve the most trifling animal of the woods, if entangled, it hung struggling in a grape-vine.

I walked slowly up street with a heavy step, questioning within myself how far this power was legal, which evidently curtailed my pleasure. But I soon acquiesced in the general opinion—for my present interference, had it been admissible, would constitute a heavy drawback on the pleasures of these very people with whom I wished myself acquainted—beside, this removal of restraint, to be just, must be reciprocal; here is my objection then; for in arguing the case as I walked along, says I—Rario, would you be well pleased if, in a favourite ramble in the fields, you and Leander were indulging in pleasing speculations on the grandeur, the beauty, and the simplicity of Nature—if in such a moment, an awkward country fellow were to join you, and pester you with his nonsense, would you find any compensation in the unqualified liberty you speak of? Or did you exult in the lawful privilege which society grants even to a mutual acquaintance, when on a certain occasion your friend broke up a pleasing conversation between, you and your esteemed Lavinia! No, no—Keep up necessary barriers, I say: Here, Mrs. Policy, take a part of my liberty, and in return, guard well the rest.

This private difference with myself amicably adjusted, I was highly gratified on reflecting upon the easy practicability of doing good. Here stood two or three young people, who, instead of abusing absentees, ("for want of subjects of conversation") were very learnedly criticising what

they considered the production of the Pedestrian's fanciful imagination. How much better, thought I, is it to do good than mischief—I owe Mr. Easy many thanks for his obliging readiness to afford a page in his valuable miscellany for the reception of my innocent speculations—and I determined, without waiting to consult Leander, that I would authorize you to give my most respectful thanks to all those good folks who so kindly enquire after, and speak well of me.

RARIO.

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*Mr. Easy,*

I have read, with some attention, the essays in your forty-second and forty-third numbers, under the signature of George Gravity, containing some strictures on the ladies; and, an intended retaliation, signed Eliza. Mr. Gravity, who acknowledges himself to be a young man, appears to have taken too hasty, and circumscribed a view, of our ladies, and to have returned disappointed from his survey, because he did not find all the graces, and amiable qualities, with which his own imagination had endowed them. What most struck his attention in a few ladies, he ascribed, as peculiar to the whole, and, thus (I hope without designing it) his well meant observations assumed the complexion of indiscriminate satire. On the other hand, the author of Eliza, or the ladies' advocate, appears to have been equally precipitate, and, not very happy in his mode of defence. To say that the gentlemen are addicted to horse-racing, smoaking segars, and the too free use of brandy and water, is, certainly, no excuse for any foibles to which the fair sex may be subject. To urge that, merchants talk of commerce, young physicians of their profession, and that a divine may occasionally, in company, give good advice, are things by no means absurd, but on the contrary, proper under certain circumstances; and, can form no excuse, or apology, for those ladies, whose ideas never rise beyond the wayward forms of dress, whose eternal prattle, dwells only on the failings of their neighbours and companions.

Writers who bring before the public nothing but indiscriminate censure, or indiscriminate praise of either sex, may find readers to approve of their drawing, but cannot be considered, by good judges, as genuine painters of human nature. In every place and city, where either business or curiosity has carried me, I have met with good and bad men, with amiable and unamiable women, with merchants, divines, physicians, qualified to contribute their part in literary or political conversations; with ladies of refined manners, who could speak of books without pedantry; of matters of science and taste with knowledge



and discrimination; and, when the moment was apt, make the most trivial subjects by their wit and manner, irresistably pleasing, to the most grave and retired.

Your indiscriminate censor would say of the ladies :

Formerly, the heads of our fair were composed of piles of curls, cemented together, by powder and pomatum, and, raised by the dexterous friseur, one upon another, by the help of a stepladder; now, their heads have assumed a more natural form, and they are content to turn up their hair with gold-mounted combs, set with pearls.

Formerly, the fair citadel, protected by bishops, or fortified by extensive outworks of double dimity and whalebone, smiled at the attempts of the most magnanimous beaux; now, stripped of these immeasurable defences, and guarded only by a slight muslin or gauze envelope, the trembling fair one, is in constant dread of being obliged to surrender, to the most puny assailant.

Formerly two capacious pockets graced the sides of our ladies; now, instead of these useful appendages to good housewifery, a little bag called a ridicule, is seen suspended by a ribband, from the elbow or wrist, and, like the pendulum of a clock, is in a state of perpetual vibration.

Formerly, morning visits were paid, and the weighty subjects of dress or scandal, discussed without any adventitious aid; now the tongue, must be roused and animated to combat, by large potions of brandy tinged with a little cherry juice, and denominated bounce.

Formerly, the ladies' noses were of as pure a white, as their foreheads; now, a carrot nose is no uncommon sight, made such, by the colorific qualities of Scotch snuff.

Formerly, they were as remarkable for their delicacy, as they are now for its reverse. Formerly, they would have shuddered at hearing an oath; now, it is fashionable for young things, scarce in their teens, to curse and swear like troopers.

Formerly, our fair were accustomed "to meet the sun upon the upland lawn;" now they lie a bed till he has nearly reached his midway-stage. Formerly, the wash-tub and ironing-table, sweeping rooms and making beds, gave firmness to their limbs, and roses to their cheeks; now, indolence and ennui have relaxed their frames and stolen from their cheeks that healthy and beauteous ornament. Formerly, card parties were unknown in the city; now, they are the stated amusement of all classes, from the aged matron, down to the little miss. Formerly, the needle was employed in making shirts, and mending for the family; now, this work is transfered to semtresses and hirelings. Formerly the wives and daughters of our richest

merchants, were content with a one-horse chair; now, the daughter of every shopkeeper expects to ride in her chariot. Formerly, besides the Bible, prayer-book and catechism, the family shelves contained, the Religious Courtship, Pilgrims Progress, and Robinson Crusoe; now, instead of these we see in the parlour and bed-chamber, novels

"Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusions  
And give it false presentments,"\*—

with sentiments calculated to seduce virtue; representations to destroy all taste for quiet and domestic life: descriptions to dissolve the soul in licentious languors; and, scenes to kindle in the breast of unsuspecting innocence, voluptuous madness.

Our indiscriminate censor proceeds and gives as little quarter to the young men of his day as to the ladies:

The large bushy sheep's tail, that whilome graced the shoulders of the petit maitre, is succeeded by the tiny pig's tail. The cheek, lately so smooth and sleek, is covered by the portentous whisker, reaching from ear to ear. The short and massy stick has dwindled to the scarce visible switch. The breeches have usurped the place of the waistcoat, while the cape of the coat forms a night cap for half of the head, and a vizor for half of the face. Next behold the shopkeeper, instead of serving his customers, risking his neck in a gig. The apprentice, at the gaming-table, on the race-ground, or in the play-house. The student carousing in a tavern, or held in durance vile, by the watch, for a riot. In a word—neither young nor old, lawyer, divine, merchant, or mechanic, are discovered to be in their proper sphere. All, are where they ought not to be. All, are saying what they ought not to say. All, are doing what they ought not to do. All, are ruining their health, fame, and fortune, precipitating themselves into disgrace, disease, and destruction, with the speed of an arrow, or velocity of a ball from the mouth of a canon.

Now, though I can admit, that there are a few of both sexes, in Baltimore, to whom some of this indiscriminate censure may be applicable, yet it is certain, that it is by no means characteristic of the generality. With some exceptions, the young ladies dress with becoming neatness, and even, in those rare cases, where the wanton stile appears to have been glanced at, as a model, the copy is so corrected and chastened, as to offend, as little as possible, the eye of modesty. The young men also, who neglect for dissipation, gaming, or horse-racing, their studies or business, are few in number, and tradesmen or merchants who excel in the bottle, more than at their business, are not more numerous.

\* Milton's Comus.



I shall not affirm that in every instance the education of your young women, destined to be the wives of divines, lawyers, doctors, merchants, tradesmen and mechanics, have been the best calculated, to prepare them for the situation, they will be called upon to fill. No boarding school accomplishments can atone for ignorance in the *science of housewifery*. From the moment a woman becomes a wife, this science is worth all the seven. Without it the graces are useless, French a jargon; the harpsycord sends forth no music; drawing looses its effect; and the most elegant dancing, excites no pleasure. I believe however that this science is sedulously taught, by mothers to their daughters, in most families here, and owing to this circumstance alone, no city in the union can supply more accomplished wives, than Baltimore. And yet, I would not have it understood, that the young ladies, highly as I estimate the science of housewifery, are in no other respect accomplished. Many of those I have conversed with (and I have at different times conversed with most of them) have their memories well stored with geographical and historical knowledge, know as much as they ought of the English classics, are correct in their behaviour, pleasing in their manners, and, not unskilful in the arts of conversation.

I may be wrong, but, I ascribe no small share of their knowledge and taste, to the *City Library*. In this are few books which are not calculated to improve the mind and form the taste. As to novels, generally speaking, those are excluded from its shelves which give a wrong notion of life and happiness; which represent vices as frailties, and frailties as virtues; which engender sentiments of love, unspeakably improper; which overstrain every thing and which tends to debauch the minds of youth and poison their morals; and with a few exceptions, such only admitted, as may well be considered, auxiliaries to virtue, and ornaments to literature. I sincerely believe, that this institution has been greatly instrumental, in improving the general taste of the city, and, especially, in giving a proper direction to the studies and reading of that fair portion of it, "*who can make our homes so delightful, when we please them, and, when we provoke them, no less uncomfortable.*"

MOME.

\* See Miss Talbot's letter to a new born infant.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a letter from a correspondent, (whose essays we always insert with pleasure when we think them such as do justice to the character of the writer) accusing us of "apathy" towards correspondents. "Why (he

says) my last communication has been treated with uncouth discountenance, I am absolutely at a loss to conjecture, and therefore beg, that you will relieve my mind by a candid and explicit acknowledgement of the fact in your next number." We *candidly* and *explicitly* acknowledge, that some parts of his essay are far beyond our comprehension; take the following as an instance; speaking of an imprudent wife, fond of gadding and ostentation, who has "*gilted*" and "*defamed*" her husband, the writer of the essay breaks out into this exquisite apostrophe: "O thou inconsiderate and *ungreatful* woman! source of conubial emulation.—"

From this sample, we think the writer will thank us for neither publishing his essay, nor mentioning his signature in this note; he certainly must acknowledge, that in noticing what we think the defects in his essay at his own pressing request, we "advise him thereof mildly, and not in such satirical terms of criticism and ridicule as (*he says*) has appeared in some of our numbers!"

FORTESQUE No. I is received.

The following beautiful and spirited Ode was inserted about the time it was written in some newspaper, or other ephemeron publication; but we believe there is no printed copy of it now extant. The author of it is since dead, we wish therefore to preserve it from that oblivion which we fear will be the fate of too many of his beautiful poems, unless those who hold the manuscript copies will favour the public by communicating them.

#### THE GENIUS OF AMERICA.

An Ode—Inscribed to GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON, on his return to Mount-Vernon—December, 1783.

Thine all the fame that war bestows—  
All that peace can give, be thine!  
Far expell'd thy country's foes,  
Olives with thy Laurels twine!  
Now the work of death is o'er,  
Pale ey'd danger quits our shore:  
Sheath the sword, unbrace the drum,  
See the great deliverer come;  
Wake, my bards, your choral lay,  
Hallow this auspicious day,  
And hail, as freedom's joyful ardours burn  
In glory and in peace my Washington's return!  
Thus from yonder fleecy cloud,  
Streak'd with many a bright'ning ray,  
Lifts her grateful voice aloud  
The Genius of America.  
Smiles adorn her native bloom,  
Graceful plays her snow-white plume;  
Waving gently o'er her head,  
See the starry banner spread:  
A golden sickle decks her side,  
Her hand a volume, opens wide,  
While at her feet a useless quiver flung,  
Her arrows all unbarb'd, her mighty bow unstrung.



Exalt, she cries, the plausive strain  
 To all my heroes great and free,  
 And chief of all the illustrious train,  
 Immortal Washington ! to thee.  
 You heard the trumpet's hostile sound,  
 You saw the meditated wound ;  
 And as became the wise and brave  
 Arose, your country's rights to save ;  
 Your bosoms throb'd with new alarms  
 Instant you sprang to glorious arms ;  
 By danger undismay'd, unaw'd by death,  
 On freedom's sacred fane to hang the laurel wreath.  
 Fair Freedom smiles—the work is done—  
 The laurel wreath adorns her fane—  
 By me she greets my Washington  
 And pays this consecrated strain ;  
 Nor thou refuse the hallow'd lay  
 Thy country's genius still shall pay :  
 For not alone th' ensanguin'd field  
 Rich harvest of renown shall yeild,  
 But pleas'd beside thy calm retreat  
 The civic virtues fix their seat :  
 While thro' thy groves, and o'er thy chrystal springs,  
 Contentment still shall smile and honour wave her wings.  
 Here frequent shall the great and good,  
 Who made, like thee, mankind their care,  
 Whose tyranny like thee, withstood,  
 Their happy spirits bid repair ;  
 Here sages, Heroes, Patriots old,  
 Shall frequent sacred converse hold  
 Of arts to grace the rescu'd land,  
 Of arms, and thy unconquer'd band ;  
 Here oft thy ravish'd eye shall see  
 The victim of Thermopylae ;  
 And there the chiefs of Marathon's fam'd field  
 Where freedom's dauntless son's bade slav'ry's million's yield.  
 There too the Decii's awful forms  
 Shall glow, with former ardours fir'd ;  
 For whom e'en death itself had charms  
 When their lov'd Rome their lives requir'd ;  
 There the great Fabius, pleas'd shall see  
 His glories bloom again in thee...  
 There Cincinnatus joy to lead  
 Thy steps along the tranquil mead  
 And all thy arduous labours pass'd,  
 Bid the rural pleasures taste.  
 Bid thy dread sword a pruning hook appear  
 And to a peaceful share, transform thy light'ning spear.  
 Methinks, e'en now, I view his smiles,  
 To see thy brave companions claim  
 The chief reward of all their toils  
 Distinction from his honour'd name,  
 And, laid their warlike weapons by,  
 Again to rustic arts apply.  
 In contrast strong, there the stern shade  
 Of Brutus, lifts the reeking blade ;  
 The name of friend no more avails ;  
 With unrelenting soul, he hails  
 The bold assertors of his country's cause...  
 Lo ! Cæsar prostrate lies, who trampled on the laws.

From where Helvetia's mountains rise  
 Her Tell shall gratulations bear,  
 For fled from soft Hesperian skies,  
 Fair Freedom fix'd her dwelling there.  
 From Belgium, long contested land,  
 The Nassaus come, a shining band :  
 For thee with fond officious care  
 A victor's wreath their hands prepare.  
 Like thee, the rage of power they dar'd,  
 Like thee, their gen'rous breasts they bar'd,  
 Like thee, asserted Freedom's equal reign,  
 Threw off a Tyrant's yoke and broke base slavery's chain.  
 Even from Albion's far fam'd Isle  
 A virtuous few shall glad repair,  
 There venerable Locke shall smile  
 And Hampden love to visit there.  
 There Sidney hold the free debate  
 And Russel glory in his fate—  
 Immortal spirits ! vain the aim  
 Of Sycophants to blast your fame,  
 Vain all their deep malignant rage,  
 Tho' it has blotted learning's page ;  
 Vain their base arts to prop a tott'ring throne  
 Their despot's right divine, their " millions made for one."  
 But who are those that hither haste  
 Along the bright etherial plain,  
 With honest wounds each bosom grac'd ?  
 They are my sons in battle slain.  
 More than human seem their forms !  
 Redoubled ardour Warren warms ;  
 Mercer points to fields afar,  
 Where first roll'd back the waves of war ;  
 His Laurels brave Montgom'ry shews  
 Blooming amid Canadian snows,  
 And leading on to thee, the glorious train  
 " Exult," they cry " we have not bled in vain.  
 What transports swell each gen'rous breast,  
 What glorious prospects meet their eyes,  
 In these fair regions of the West,  
 While they behold an empire rise !  
 See industry extend her reign  
 And clothe with harvests every plain ;  
 See commerce spread her swelling sail  
 On every tide, to every gale ;  
 See Science light her morning ray  
 And lead on intellectual day ;  
 See justice rear the adamant throne,  
 And valour still protect what Washington has won.  
 Hail Patriot Hero ! meet compeer  
 Of all the worthies hov'ring round,  
 Whose plaudits soothe thy raptur'd ear  
 With more than music's sweetest sound.  
 Yet not such bliss can they bestow  
 As thou, my darling son shalt know,  
 While thou beholdest still these lands  
 Deriving blessings from thy hands,  
 The joy supreme, of giving joy,  
 Thy conscious breast shall still supply ;  
 While realms which freedom from thy virtue prove,  
 Shall add to Fame's loud praise a grateful people's love.